

# A Darkness That Shines:

## *Poems to the Goddess*



by G. P. Xavier  
[dionysiac23@gmail.com](mailto:dionysiac23@gmail.com)

## I. Origin

Goddess! whose nightflesh  
gleamed black before eyes  
ever opened, how may I  
ever know you?

Dirtdark Nature, who once  
wombed us deepwithin, who birthed  
us, who raised us to the light:  
can I turn these two day-eyes back  
to your before dawn glory?

Were we formed from dust  
by some divine hand? No—you  
made us as a Mother does:  
knit our inmost parts together  
in your depths: flesh of your own  
flesh, blood of your own blood.

Spaceblack Mother, stillmore  
ancient than our world: the  
universe itself is your child—  
it embryos-out (lightfast) from  
the primordial orgasm of  
union with your Lord.

Why wield that fearsome blade, Mother:  
will you use it to sever our umbilicalcord?

[/post/142045110425/](#)

## II. Mother

You have not forsaken your  
children, Dark Goddess:  
we rest on your vast body,  
feed at your abundant breast.

All foodgrowth (plant, fruit or flesh) flows  
from you to nourish us; your rivers spring  
forth to refresh us; that great jewel (the Sun)  
around your neck glows warmlight down  
on us; while cool windwhispers  
soothe us, from your lips.

This milk and honey that flows  
from you is tasted by everyone, evil  
and good; a Mother's love knows  
no favourites, lavishes all her  
mostdear children.

Earth! you hold us everclose  
to you; Universe! you embrace  
all being, cradle both the quasar  
and the quark; Your four arms  
are the fundamental forces  
of physics, upholding all things.

Gratitude rushes up from me, Mother,  
to meet your everdescending grace.

[/post/142212478745/](#)

### III. Nature

I find you far from us, Goddess,  
abiding behind all we encounter:  
Farthest! why hide like this?

Pardon our pride, Mothermatter,  
when we claim to have conquered  
you—to have roaded and citted  
you, to have built on you wondrous  
machines: never 'on' you but 'out of'  
you—we only work with your ways,  
draw from your inner-order.

Whatever we make, we make of  
you; and our minds also make  
of you many things: you have shaped  
us to see you in certain ways, while  
we in our infantcleverness (our science,  
our art) strain for further hints.

Unbounded Potential, substance and  
surplus of all objects, whose dancing  
dark limbs flash through the gaps  
in our conceptions: how  
may I ever know you?

'Attend to and love my world', you reply:  
'Every little thing brims forth my being!'

[/post/142342653610/](#)

## IV. Life

You are near to us, Goddess: my  
body, my life. Nearest! more-me  
than I: how could I evade you?

How is it you beat my blood, digest  
my food, pulse my nerves, divide  
and thrive my myriad cells, unfill  
and fill my lungs? You work this  
body wonderfully, Wise One!

My mind, too, is enmattered  
in you: all deepbrain drives  
(hunger, anger, thirst, fear) form  
but the fierce protective grasp  
of your many maternal arms; you  
are the instinctive lovingcare of all  
mothers for their children, and you rose  
as lust to ensure our conception.

Motherwithinme, how you shock me  
with myself! Your violent grip is  
often misguided. Life, why wield  
those deadly weapons, whose  
are those hackedheads?

'You are not merelife!' you howl, wide-eyed  
and bloody; I bow to your dreadful glory.

[/post/142450508360/](#)

## V. Death

Mother, your allconsuming love  
cannot bear our separation,  
would retomb what you once  
wombed; have mercy on us!

Through raving winds, convulsing  
earth, skysprawling waves, flame-  
spewing peaks—through dry  
famined fields, ill-blighted bodies and  
predators red in teeth—through  
all of these you love us, Scourge  
of Life, to death!

We are not your mere victims  
however: we exult with you  
to devour! What rawrush  
pleasure we taste with you: to  
fight, to kill, to dominate.

Devourer of human meaning, entropic  
deathdive of the universe, wheel of  
time grinding all things to dust: spare  
us, I pray! Instead slay all the evil,  
overold and false in us.

Let us love you in a different way:  
your husband, not your helpless child.

[/post/142764789230/](#)

## VI. Desired

Goddess! whose nudeform  
dances radiant before us, how  
may I attain you?

You beckon through beauty, the  
world your body: these valleys and  
hills the curves of you, all this lush  
foliage your darktangled hair, zestful  
birdsong your own sweet laughter,  
your smile the scarletsteaked dawn.

Our bodies are embeautied by  
you; what wonders you reveal  
when you rise in us as desire! What  
depths you unveil when (enraptured) we  
behold our lover's eyes! We grow  
in the light of their gaze, and love  
allthemore as we grow.

Lured by your mystery minds  
strive to embrace you, all science and  
philosophy yearns to know you; vital  
power of beauty, erotic Reality: you  
draw us to evernew heights.

Beloved-of-all, by your silent attraction  
you raise these adoring words out of me.

[/post/143468506720/](#)

## VII. Chaos

Fearful and fascinating Infinite  
Threat-and-Promise: you paralyse  
us at your appearance!

Depthsofchaos from which all order is  
drawn: your dripping swordblades flash-  
forth glimpses of your beauty! You test  
your suitors severely, let only  
sincerest lover unite-with you  
to bringforth new creation.

Yet what riches you yield when we  
bravely face you! What insidious  
oldevils you slay, what amazingnew  
goods you give birth to, if only we have  
the strength to seduce you.

Beloved! is your red tongue thrust  
in anger or lust? will your whitefanged  
teeth feed on us? I see how they bar all  
escape: if we turn from your awful  
sight your darkness will grow vast  
and devour us. 'You must die,  
or be reborn!' your wisewords sing.

One way forward, then: I will taste your flesh  
not as a suckling baby, but a mighty lover!

</post/143668163165/>



## VIII. Partner

Three-Eyed Lord! outsprawled  
on the battlefield of the world, why  
do you sleep? Do you not see your  
allslaying wife dancing amok?

Savage Goddess! do your openwide  
eyes not see your own dear husband  
beneath your feet—your mighty helpmate  
who guides and adorns you? Will  
you trample him too, drink his blood?

Why do you sit unmoving, Consciousness,  
high in your mountainretreat? The world  
reels in your absence! She scatters  
loveliest flowers on your bare cavefloor,  
but you rebuff her, Lord! lost in your  
own innerbliss. Please, take her as  
your spouse: send a Son to save us.

Does God neglect your prayers, Sweet  
Goddess? Win him with what he loves:  
your wisdom, will and awareness—  
how he will long for you, would  
have you bear his child.

Goddess and God, behold each other  
and awake to your allcreative love!

[/post/143922174505/](#)

## IX. Awakening

Glory to resplendent she  
who roused the blissful Lord;  
to fearless he who soothed  
her savage fury.

Your divine love resounds  
as my mind embraces  
my body, my flesh pulls playfully  
at my consciousness; Matter  
and Spirit unite in us, our lives  
are your love-play!

Yet how you dance beyond  
solitude, leap-out into lovers  
to beckon back: Alyssa!—  
shall I deny the Goddess breathes  
through your beauty, that God  
looks-out through your eyes?

Love Divine: the world treads  
on us while (self-absorbed) we  
scorn her; forgive us! may we live  
by your example, express this  
love that is our being.

Great Goddess, be pleased by these poems,  
accept these words you wove with me.

[/post/144185892595/](#)